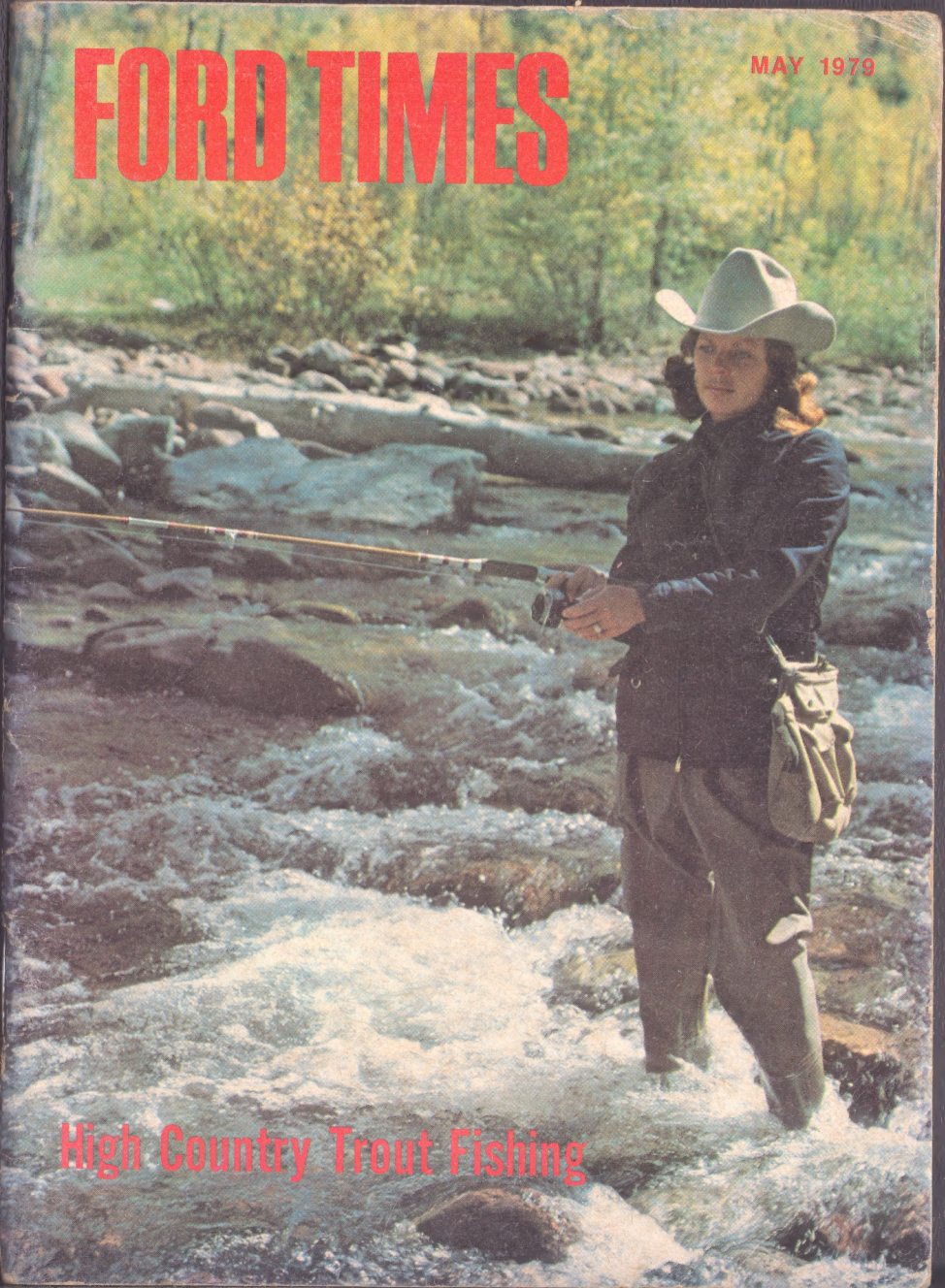
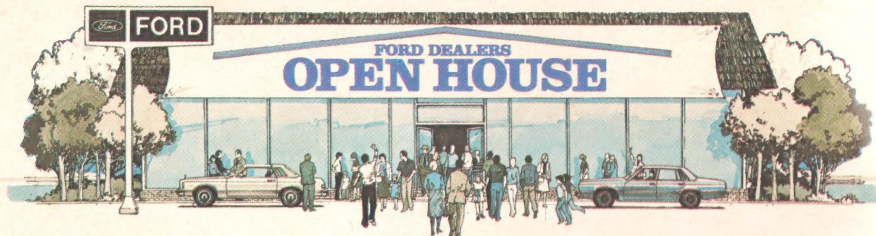


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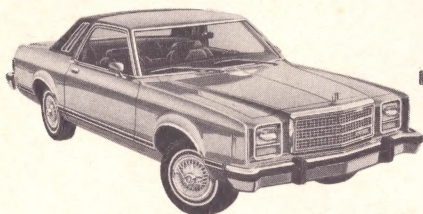
A woman wearing a cowboy hat, a dark jacket, and waders is standing in a shallow, rocky river. She is holding a fishing rod and reel, and a fishing bag is slung over her shoulder. The background shows a forested area with green trees and rocks in the river.

MAY 1979

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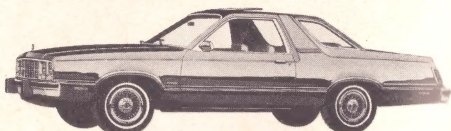
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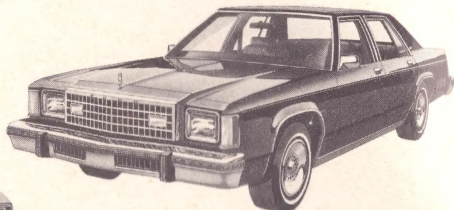
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The Ford Owner's Magazine

May 1979, Vol. 72, No. 5

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Photo by Leonard P. Johnson.



by Marybeth Fowler

Stockbridge Is All This and Heaven Too



Now, let's not slip through Stockbridge too quickly. Anyone who has been driving around the Berkshire Hills of western Massachusetts is likely to have seen half a dozen classic New England towns in half a day and he might think, well, here's another one, let's take a glance and be on with it.

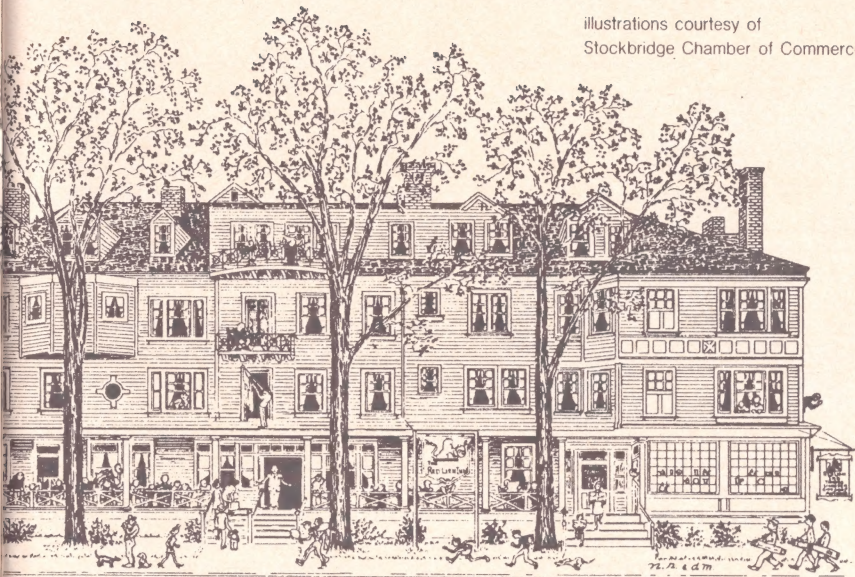
Don't. Park the car on Main Street, get out and mosey around. There's more here than meets the eye. The obvious characteristics come first, of course — the remarkable width of the street, the very beautiful houses dating from the early 19th century, the manageable smallness of the place (permanent population under

2,500) and the dignified air with which it wears its age.

But it doesn't take long for the visitor who can fine-tune his antennae to sense that there is a deeper something in the Stockbridge personality — subtleties, vibes, call it what you will. Maybe all efforts at definition end with the word "culture." Surely it would be tough to come up with another small American community so wholly involved in the arts — and not only in summer, when natural warmth nurtures the muses, but even in winter, during which there are enough cultural events going on to keep one busy every night of the week.

If you need proof of Stockbridge's

illustrations courtesy of
Stockbridge Chamber of Commerce



Red Lion Inn

artistic ferment, wander into the post office, any book shop or the library and look at their bulletin boards. You never saw such a rich glossary of artistic doings — a violin recital here, a piano recital there, a crafts exhibit here, a chamber music concert there, an amateur theatrical here, a poetry reading there, and on and on it goes. Leaving aside the writing, the music and the painting, note that there are five theater groups in town, which probably accounts for the many actressy-looking women to be seen around the streets.

Just why one region is more hospitable to the arts than another is hard to explain. There are other New En-

gland towns, prettier ones than Stockbridge, that haven't had such a steady stream of gifted people. Maybe the answer lies simply in historical accident. Nathaniel Hawthorne and Herman Melville were among the first to seek out the Berkshires as a place to write. They happened on Stockbridge. The word spread, and shortly other writers appeared, to be followed soon by the painters, the sculptors and the actors. Not long ago someone took out a map of Berkshire County and stuck pins in it where writers had lived. There were 79 pins around Stockbridge.

The arts bubble along merrily here, but not flamboyantly. However

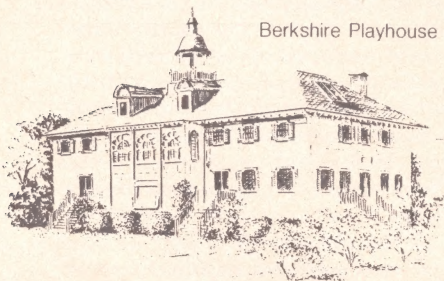
Chesterwood



rich the layer of artistic endeavor, it has never expressed itself in the kind of hoopla that is the mark of other creative places such as Greenwich Village and Provincetown. Stockbridge was always decorous. Very few of the creative people behaved like Bohemians. When Daniel Chester French — the Stockbridge sculptor who created the Minuteman in Lexington and the seated Lincoln in the Memorial in Washington — was at work, he wore a tie and jacket.

And so Main Street reflects this. It is dominated by the Red Lion Inn,

Berkshire Playhouse



which is the hub of Stockbridge. Painted a cheerful white, it is a huge, rambling old-fashioned wooden ark that looks as though it might have started out modestly and in the succeeding years was added onto and added onto and added onto until today it is a bewildering succession of wings and corridors fully as complex as a medieval chateau. It has a spacious front porch with a king's ransom in white wicker furniture in which famous people like Walter Lippman, the political writer, and Thornton Wilder, author of *Our Town*, used to sit.

In spite of its size, the Red Lion is really an inn and not a hotel. The essential difference is that a hotel is where you sleep while an inn is where you live. At an inn there is an easy informality between guests that is rarely seen at a hotel. Guests at an inn readily introduce themselves to one another. Shortly they are dining together and organizing bridge games. It's that way at the Red Lion. Life there is like life on a cruise ship.

The Red Lion was headed for a confrontation with the wrecker's ball a decade back when Jane and John Fitzpatrick, whose mail-order business called Country Curtains had become one of the big mercantile successes in the country, bought it and brought it back to life. They manage it warmly yet crisply and all its guests love it and love its food. Like a lot of New England things, the Red Lion has elements of quaintness. Among them is its open wire-cage elevator,

which functions by grace of a hydraulic system that either congeals or freezes in winter, so that the contraption runs only in the warm months, and is moored in position on the ground floor the rest of the time.

This elevator has a certain cachet of distinction: Once a year it has social importance. Some time ago a prominent local couple arrived for the annual Red Lion New Year's Eve party, which is the best one in town. They'd neglected to make reservations, there was no room at the inn and it appeared they would have to be turned away. Glancing around woe-fully, they spotted the elevator and asked the manager why they couldn't celebrate New Year's in it. He thought a moment and then said, "Why not?" Ever since, the Red Lion's winter-grounded elevator has had Stockbridge's most desirable table at New Year's.

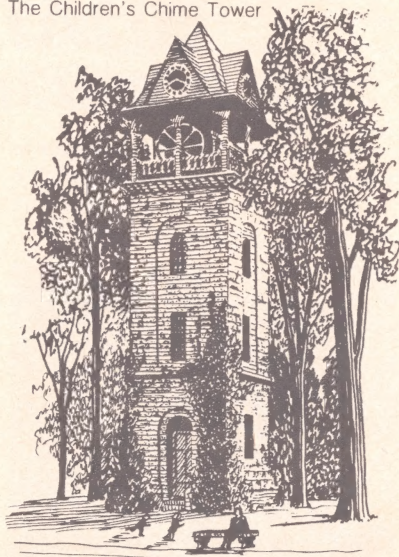
Notwithstanding the fascination and richness of its history, Stockbridge has not kept modern times at arm's length. In particular, there are at least three instances in which contemporary matters have impinged on the town's life. One of them is the Austen Riggs Foundation, an internationally famous center for research in mental and emotional disorders. When asked if the presence of this darker side of modern life ruffled the tranquillity of the town, a resident said, "Not at all. The doctors and researchers make us look like a campus."

The other two aspects of modernity involved two wildly disparate

symbols of our age, Alice Brock and Norman Rockwell. Alice is the lady who ran the small restaurant in an alley between the bank and the grocery store that Arlo Guthrie used as the setting for the famous song of the '60s youth culture, *Alice's Restaurant*. The song was a huge success (the movie of it was filmed in Stockbridge) and it had a magnetic effect on the disaffected youth of the era. They streamed into town by the hundreds, shocking the generally conservative townspeople who were not accustomed to long hair, guitars and the aroma of marijuana. All that is gone now, including Alice, although there is still a restaurant at the location.

Norman Rockwell arrived in 1953.

The Children's Chime Tower



He symbolized everything conservative in America's parents just as Alice's Restaurant later symbolized the revolt of their children. In recent years, the house at the corner of Main Street and Elm, once occupied by the novelist and Stockbridgian Rachel Field, has been turned into a Rockwell Museum. Known as the Old Corner House, it draws hundreds of visitors every day — genteel people, solid citizens — who are taken on guided tours and told local anecdotes about the famous Rockwell paintings on display.

As with almost all old New England towns, Stockbridge has its share of stories, usually centering on individuals of forthright character, strong opinions and occasional eccentricity. One of them concerns Miss Amelia Brewer, who staged the one and only sitdown strike in Stockbridge history when the telephone company threatened to erect a pole in front of her house. She won.

Then there is the tale of the way in which Sedgwicks are buried. When a member of that distinguished and noteworthy Stockbridge family dies,

the hearse is drawn to the cemetery by a horse and the coffin is buried as part of a circle of deceased Sedgwicks, like the spokes of a wheel.

It was a Sedgwick who figured in the famous trial that occurred in Stockbridge before the Civil War. A slave named Elizabeth Freeman left the home of John Ashley in the town of Sheffield, south of Stockbridge, because of mistreatment. Ashley went into court to recover her as his property. She engaged Theodore Sedgwick for her defense. He won the case, which freed her from slavery. It may well have been the first civil rights suit in the country.

One of the places a visitor must see in Stockbridge is Chesterwood, the studio of Daniel Chester French. It is open to the public for a small fee and contains examples of his work, his tools and other reminders of his life.

In considering the various attributes of Stockbridge, one is confronted time and again with Fame — the sculptor French, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Edith Wharton, Melville, Hawthorne, Cyrus Field (he laid the first Atlantic cable and was one member of an important Stockbridge family), Charles Ives, a celebrated American composer of modern times who wrote *The Housatonic at Stockbridge* — the list goes on and on.

It's a beautiful town in a beautiful setting. One might let its famous novelist Rachel Field sum it up with the title of one of her best known novels — *All This and Heaven Too*. Don't slip through it too quickly. □

The Old Corner House





Limited Edition version of the Mustang Pace Car

MUSTANG PACES INDIANAPOLIS 500

A 1979 FORD Mustang will pace the 63rd annual running of the Indianapolis International 500 on May 27. A limited edition version, nearly identical in appearance to the official Pace Car, will arrive at Ford dealerships between now and race day.

Ford Division is supplying a fleet of Official Indianapolis Trucks (F-Series pickups, Econoline Vans, Club Wagons) to the Speedway — and also is selling replicas of the pickups.

“Mustang paced the Indianapolis 500 six weeks after its public introduction in 1964, and we’re proud that our 1979 Mustang will renew Ford’s

association with this most prestigious of all American auto races,” said

Recaro bucket seats





1979 Mustang Official Indianapolis 500 Pace Car

Walter S. Walla, Ford vice president and Ford Division general manager.

The three-door hatchback production model has a number of unique features, including a functional front air dam with low-mounted fog lamps, distinctive horizontal bar grille, simulated hood scoop, rear spoiler and special Recaro front bucket seats. The Pace Car's and the replica's special pewter-and-black paint treatments are accented with orange-and-red tape striping and bold "Mustang" lettering on the hood.

Special "Pace Car" bodyside decals to identify the production car as a limited edition version of the 1979 Indianapolis Pace Car are available for installation at customer request. Sequential serial numbers will be set aside and assigned to the vehicles as they are built for future identification by collectors and enthusiasts.

The official Pace Car has a variety of modifications not available on the production model, including a spe-

cially modified 5.0-liter (302-CID) V-8 engine. Customers can choose between the Mustang's turbocharged 2.3-liter four cylinder engine and a 5.0-liter (302-CID) V-8 when ordering the production model.

In place of the custom-built T-roof on the Pace Car, the limited edition version has a flip-up open-air roof. Except for alterations to accommodate the T-roof, the interior of the production model is similar to that in the vehicle for the Speedway.

The black-and-white Recaro bucket seats have reclining seat backs and adjustable thigh supports.

The production model's list of standard features also includes Michelin TRX tires with metric forged aluminum wheels and the accompanying specially tuned suspension system, power steering, power brakes, leather-wrapped sport steering wheel, intermittent windshield wipers and an AM/FM stereo radio with cassette tape player.

The Indianapolis Speedway Official Truck Package is available for F-Series Styleside pickups, regular cab only, with short or long wheelbases. With 4x2s, there's a choice of the F-100, F-150 or F-250 series and with the optional 4x4 drive, there's a choice of the F-150, F-250 or F-350 series.

The Silver Metallic exterior is highlighted by black tape stripes with red and orange accents and black grille insert and headlamp doors with black borders. Also included are a black front bumper, black GT bar in a tubular design, bold "FORD" tailgate appliqué in an orange field and spare tire lock (with standard under-frame spare tire carrier only). "Official

Truck" tape nomenclature for doors and tailgate and "Indianapolis Motor Speedway" decal for front fenders are available for installation at customer request.

On the inside, the truck features black door trim panels with silver vinyl appliqué with red molding, Ranger XLT-level instrument panel with special red tape inserts, black glove box appliqué, black headliner, sun visor and floor mat, and Ranger sew style in a black, silver and red scheme.

The Official Indianapolis Truck replica includes Ranger exterior trim, auxiliary fuel tank, argent rear step bumper or black contour rear bumper, and special wheels and tires. □

Indianapolis Speedway Official Truck Package



The Mother's Day Dinner

by Margaret Cousins

illustrations by Randall McKissick



I MUST HAVE been about 9 or 10 years old when my father decided to take my mother and my brother and me to Sunday dinner at the Oriental Hotel — the most posh hostelry offered by our prairie town — on Mother's Day. I suppose he was feeling flush as the result of a fortuitous business transaction or the collection of some old account (my father owned a drugstore) or maybe he simply wanted to see her sitting down at the table throughout a meal.

This invitation was greeted with more enthusiasm by my brother and me than by the honored guest. My mother took a dim view of Mother's Day, professing not to understand why anybody should be lauded for doing her duty, for which she had obviously opted by producing offspring. My brother and I had no interest in the fine points of this argument, but were enchanted at the idea of eating in a restaurant because we did it rarely. (It goes without saying that we preferred a wienie in a store-bought roll smeared with mustard to the nourishing meals my mother set before us three times a day.)

My mother, born in the 19th century, had embraced housekeeping as a career when she fell in love and married my father. From this mature viewpoint, it seems to me she could have run a steel mill with one lightly gloved hand, but at the time she was devoting her tireless energies to running a home and molding her recalcitrant children into acceptable form by whatever means seemed necessary. It

A memorable meal with a reluctant guest of honor

was a full-time job in those days, and my mother cheerfully did it all, but it was only in the choosing and preparing and cooking and serving of food — the creative aspects — that she achieved pure happiness.

She was a born cook and had a pervading interest in good food which seems unlikely to have been nurtured by the arid frontier on which she had been reared and lived. She found the ingredients of cooking exciting and beautiful, exclaiming over the curly lettuce and the first tender squashes





from the spring garden, the whorls of cut onions, the design of a freckled brown egg, the unwrinkled skim of cream on a milk crock. She was a persistent forager for delicacies, scrambling through the brambles on a creek bank for the dusty mustang grapes or the tough little wild plums which yielded up superior winter jellies, ferreting out the farmer who made the most exemplary sausages, establishing such rapport with the local butcher that my father sometimes complained of running a poor second.

She was an experimenter, too, shocking my father's sturdy palate with nutmeg in the spinach, sage in the cream sauce and other far-out adventures with the few herbs and spices she had to work with. She reserved one drawer of the kitchen cabinet for a welter of recipes she clipped from her beloved women's magazines or copied down on scraps of paper in her neat hand, when she was impressed by the culinary achievement of a friend. There seemed to be several hundred of these, stored in typical confusion. I don't think she could have located a specific one in several hours, but she rarely consulted them anyway, except to assure herself that what she had already thought of was better. She achieved a certain celebrity for her provender — which was highly valued at bake sales, church suppers and school picnics — but she always thought of herself as a good, plain cook.

Although my mother produced a series of succulent meals all week

long, Sunday dinner was the crowning occasion of the week. We were usually joined by relatives or friends, who accompanied us home from church, since the more people she had to feed the happier she was. Preparations for this feast occupied a good part of Saturday, for the groaning board was required to offer, in addition to the roast, two kinds of potatoes, at least four other vegetables, a dazzling assortment of jellies, pickles, conserves and relishes, a variety of hot breads, aspic or Perfection salad (my mother had discovered gelatin and could not let it alone) and a choice of desserts. The contribution of my brother and me to this extravaganza was the inevitably quarrelsome turning of the ice cream freezer, packing it down with rock salt and covering it with an old red sweater, before Sunday school.

On the Saturday before that Mother's Day our house was peculiarly silent. My mother always sang in the kitchen, usually a hymn, sometimes an old ballad, adjusting the rhythm to whatever concoction she happened to be beating up at the time. There were no tantalizing fragrances drifting about, no fresh cake drooling icing on the drain board. My mother was in her bedroom, concentrating on what we should all wear to the Oriental Hotel. I think she had come to the conclusion that she should have made us all new outfits, from the skin out, that nothing we owned would do justice to the occasion. As it was too late to remedy this error, she attacked the darning basket and later in the after-

noon marched purposefully into the hen yard. Here she wrung the neck of a frying chicken with one twist of her wrist (a skill she had long since perfected, although she was the most tender-hearted of creatures), plucked it, singed it with a blazing newspaper and dressed it, as if she were accomplishing some sacrificial rite.

On Sunday morning, relieved of the chore of cranking the freezer, my brother and I were scrubbed practically raw, arrayed in white linen and organdy and remanded to the porch swing, so as not to get our white shoes dirty. Before releasing us, my mother delivered a short lecture on which side of the menu to look when ordering, adding the unnecessary information that our father was not a banker.

The dining room of the Oriental Hotel evinced the sort of musty splendor that might be expected. I remember it as a room full of turkey-red carpet, dark leather chairs, blazing white table cloths, shining cutlery, with a chandelier in which the lights were burning in broad daylight. Ancient servitors ushered us to our places and stood about in devout attendance. People seated at other tables were chatting, laughing, clinking knives and forks and glasses. My mother, peering from under the brim of her flower-strewn Milan straw, suspected they were drinking wine — on Sunday, too! My father, the sophisticate of our group, was bowing and smiling to acquaintances. My brother and I, for once, desisted from our bickering. I suppose we were struck dumb.

Provided with a menu, I was unable to locate anything under a dollar on the important side of it. I said I would have a can of Van Camp's Pork & Beans, which I knew couldn't cost more than a quarter, and happened to be my favorite food. My brother, more profligate and impressed by his surroundings, announced for a Banana Split. My mother, turning pale, said that our father would order and that my brother and I were having a chicken sandwich and a glass of milk, which is what we had. My father and mother had green turtle soup, something under a glass bell with *petits pois* and *pommes soufflées* and hearts of artichoke. For dessert my father expansively ordered Baked Alaska for all of us.

Having quelled my brother and me, my mother took a profound inter-



est in the service and the food. She decided that a glass bell seemed to be just the domed lid of a butter dish. She savored the sauce over the entrée, trying to identify the seasoning, so that she could reproduce it and stun her auction bridge club, in case she could commandeer enough butter-dish lids. She exclaimed over the Baked Alaska, conjecturing how they could put ice cream in the oven without melting it down. She was horrified by the bill. "Only *one* green vegetable," she sniffed on the way home. "Canned peas!"

That Sunday afternoon seemed unusually long, without company or the bubble and squeak of washing up. We all wandered around for awhile like displaced persons. My father, a frustrated O. Henry, at length repaired to his rolltop desk in the den and began to drag out papers from the pigeonholes and brood on his lagging literary life. My mother, casting one wistful look at her ever-over-flowing darning basket (one did not sew on Sunday), retreated to the bedroom, loosened her stays and took an unaccustomed nap.

My brother and I, forced to keep the Sabbath holy by eschewing the raucous outdoor games of our kind, were provided with five leather-bound volumes of the *New Encyclopedia of Bible Stories* to entertain ourselves. Although these were, fortunately, rather gorily illustrated, we were overfamiliar with them and soon tired. Thrown on my company, my brother, wincing, succumbed to a

game of paper dolls. My dolls all belonged to the peerage and were called Lady Mary, Sir Charles and so on, but I remember distinctly that my brother's two favorite paper dolls were named Ice Cream Cone and Chewing Gum.

Along about dusk we naturally began to think of the cold supper that went with Sunday nights at our house, when the dinner leftovers were set out for picking over, bolstered by a few new offerings such as potato salad and pickled peaches. And there was always the last and the best of the ice cream from the container adrift in the freezing brine. Today none of this existed and we began to look wan and feel hungry.

I have no doubt my mother observed this with a certain amount of satisfaction. After a suitable interval she repaired to the kitchen. Shortly thereafter she began to sing *Bringing in the Sheaves*. She fried the chicken, whipped up a batch of buttermilk biscuits, boiled and mashed potatoes, created gravy and located two green vegetables in the recesses of the refrigerator. She opened a couple of choice Mason jars and heaped a plate with oatmeal cookies out of the stoneware crock and called us to supper.

"Just a snack," she beamed, "to tide you over." Mother's Day had finally arrived for her.

We took it all for granted. In fact, I was already pondering how I could get back into the Oriental Hotel and find out what a green turtle tasted like. □

WHISPERS OF THE WITCH TREE

by Carol Buckmann

photo courtesy of North Company,
Grand Rapids, Minnesota

I FELT THAT the ghosts of the past were with me as I walked to the Witch Tree. The nearly obscure path was bathed in fog. Lichens drooped eerily from huge spruce trees. Underfoot, mosses and small plants formed a lush, spongy carpet. There was not a sound. I could feel the presence of the legendary spirits hovering about.

As I approached the sheer rock ledge, the Witch Tree came into view through shifting veils of mist. The rugged old cedar carried an aura of mystery and grandeur. Gnarled, clinging tenaciously to the rocks, it



was all I could see through the dense fog that shrouded Lake Superior. The great lake's waves crashed against the rocks, thundering against the tree's trunk with each splash.

For over 300 years the weather-beaten Witch Tree has clung in tattered majesty to Hat Point, on Superior's north shore. It is said to be the oldest tree in Minnesota. It lives without benefit of soil, battling the mighty forces of the huge lake near the village of Grand Portage at the tip of the Arrowhead, on the Canadian border.

Legends of the cedar began long before white men penetrated the vast waters of northeastern Minnesota and Canada to harvest beaver pelts during the fur trade era and, later, to fell the immense forests of pine and spruce. The first record of the little cedar and its legendary spirit was made by the French explorer Sieur de la Verendrey, who saw the tree in 1731.

The early Chippewa Indians considered the tree a shrine and left it gifts of tobacco and vermilion (a scarlet pigment).

One legend is that Indians came to the tree to pray and leave small gifts for the waves in a hole near its base. The custom of leaving offerings at the Witch Tree was adopted by the French voyageurs of the fur trade era to appease the lake's "storm spirits."

As I looked up to the tree from the rocks below, it was not hard to imagine the wind-tossed hair and beguiling arms of the "witch." Then my eyes came to rest on the trunk. There was the hole for the offerings.

Because Hat Point, to which the tree clings, was untouched by the glaciers that covered the land thousands of years ago, preglacial formations and rare ferns can be seen here. The balance of nature is extremely delicate and is easily upset by outside intrusions. The plants are so fragile that visits to the tree are not encouraged. In recent years, a paved road has been built to Hat Point, but the path to the Witch Tree remains relatively obscure. Few know of its presence.

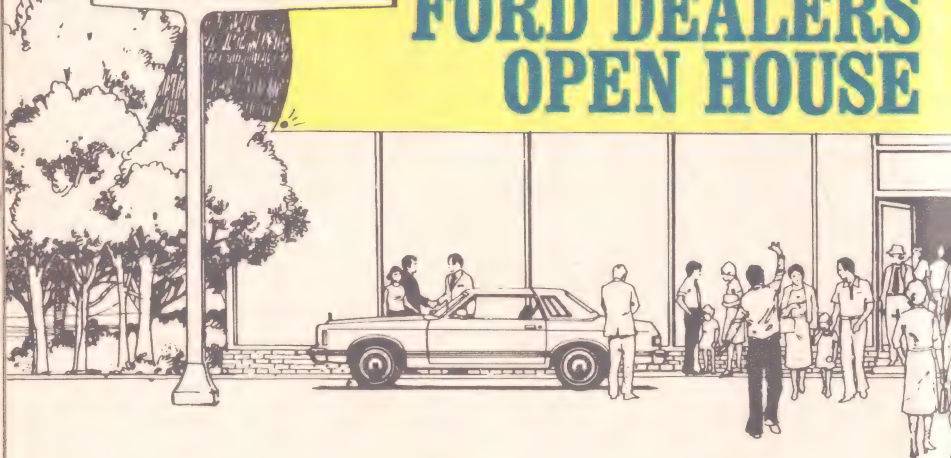
One marvels that the tree can exist at all. As I gazed upon this wonder of nature, the full impact of its strength struck me. The trunk did not sway in the wind. It was as though the tree was made of stone. The trunk was gnarled, weathered and gray with age and the ceaseless beating of winds, rain, blinding snow and the rolling waves of the huge lake. Its roots, tortured and twisted, clutched the rock and reached deep into the crevices for support.

I picked my way carefully over huge boulders covered with slippery lichens and mosses and began walking back along the path. As I looked back to the beautiful, rugged Witch Tree, I marveled at how it has withstood the storms, winds and blows of nature and still survived.

As I walked along the springy carpet of the path, a sudden breeze caught the eerie lichens in the branches above and they swayed toward me. I felt as if the spirits of the Witch Tree were whispering secrets of the past. □



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You'll be able to find out what your local dealer is doing from TV and radio commercials as well as from newspaper advertisements.

In addition to the full line of cars and light trucks you find all year in

your Ford showrooms, there are some special value option packages on Ford cars and pickup trucks. There are factory discounts of 50 per cent off the sticker price on Special Editions available on Fairmonts, Futuras, Granadas and Ford LTDs, and 14 to 29 per cent off special option packages available on Explorer pickups.

Fairmont four-door sedan Special Edition



Fairmont Special Editions of two- and four-door sedans are factory-discounted \$222 when equipped with the 2.3-liter four-cylinder engine. When you select one of these packages, the sticker price of the package is 50 per cent less than if you ordered the items individually. Fairmont's Special Editions include all this:

- Vinyl Roof
- Exterior Decor Group — Bright window frames, bright door belt moldings, vinyl insert lower body-side moldings with integral wheelip moldings, dual accent paint stripes, bright left-hand remote-control mirror, bright right-hand style-mounted mirror, color-keyed turbine wheel covers, hood ornament
- Interior Accent Group — Deluxe Sound Package, pleated seat trim (vinyl standard, cloth optional), deluxe steering wheel hub, instrument panel with woodtone appliqué
- Special Tu-Tone paint treatment in one of eight combinations

With the **Futura Special Edition**, available when you choose the 2.3-liter engine, there's a factory discount of \$238 on these items:

- Rear half vinyl roof
- Wide bodyside moldings with vinyl inserts
- Wire wheel covers
- Deluxe Bumper Group
- Flip-up open-air roof

There's a factory discount of \$220 — again a big 50 per cent — on **Special Editions of Granada** two- and four-door sedans, when equipped with the 4.1-liter (250-CID) six-cylinder

engine, with these items:

- Vinyl roof (full vinyl on four-doors and vinyl half roof on two-doors)
- Bodyside, hood and decklid paint stripes
- Odense-grain, color-keyed wide bodyside moldings with integral wheelip moldings
- Wire wheel covers
- Deluxe Bumper Group
- Remote-controlled color-keyed dual sport mirrors

Two- and four-door Ford LTD sedans are factory-discounted 50 per cent on certain option packages — \$243 with Package A or \$294 with Package B, while a purchase of a **Ford LTD station wagon** with a special value option package has a factory discount of \$230.

Ford LTD's Package A:

- Tu-Tone paint/tape treatment
- Hood stripes
- Front and rear bumper guards
- Bumper rub strips
- Flight-bench seat
- Tilt steering wheel
- Dual remote mirrors

Explorer pickup special option package's interior with unique Alpine cloth inserts with Corinthian vinyl bolsters





Ford LTD Special Edition (Package A) with Tu-Tone paint/tape treatment

- Electric clock
- Deluxe sound insulation package
- Color-keyed deluxe seat belts

Ford LTD's Package B includes all of the items in Package A, except Tu-Tone paint/tape treatment, plus:

- Vinyl roof
- Dual accent paint stripes
- Deck lid paint stripes

Meanwhile, Ford LTD station wagon's special value option package includes everything in Package A except front bumper guards.

The factory discount on certain packages offered on the **1979 Explorer pickup trucks** is as much as 29 per cent, depending on the package. The Explorer is available on F-Series Custom models including F-100, F-150, F-250 and F-350 (except 140-inch wheelbase, F-350 4x2) in Regular Cab and SuperCab, Styleside pickup box, 4x2 and 4x4 models. There are four packages — A, B, C and D.

Package A includes:

Exterior

- Three feature paints — Dark Jade Metallic, Dark Blue Metallic, Medium Vaquero Glow (optional)
- Six additional paints from 1979 F-Series line-up
- Dual-color bodyside and hood tape stripe
- Custom trim package
- Bright windshield, drip and back-light moldings
- Chrome grille and headlamp doors
- Mag-style wheel covers (bright hubcaps on F-250/350 models except 4x4s with part-time transfer case). Forged aluminum wheels or white styled steel wheels available at extra cost
- Bright 6 x 9-inch low-mount Western mirrors (bright swing-lock recreation mirrors available)
- Explorer plaque on rear quarter panels

Granada two-door sedan Special Edition



Explorer special option package on F-Series Custom pickup

- "FORD" tailgate letters color-keyed orange or white
- Explorer hood ornament

Interior

- Unique Alpine cloth seat inserts with Corinthian vinyl bolsters — Cordovan, Blue and Jade or
- Special Chainmail vinyl seat inserts with Corinthian vinyl bolsters — Cordovan, Blue and Jade
- SuperCab rear seat trim in Corinthian vinyl
- Custom trim package
- 14-ounce color-keyed cut-pile carpeting
- Color-keyed headliner with bright moldings and sun visors
- Color-keyed instrument panel and crash pad
- Deluxe color-keyed seat belts (Regular Cab only)
- Cigar lighter

Package B includes:

- Package A components plus:
- Power steering (Standard 4x4 models)
- SelectShift automatic transmission
- Tilt steering wheel

Package C includes:

- Package A and B components plus:
- Air conditioning
- Tinted glass
- Convenience group with 12-inch day/night mirror, intermittent windshield wipers and door map pockets
- Sport wheel covers, replacing mag style wheel covers

Package D includes:

- Package A, B or C components plus:
- Deluxe pickup box cover

There are other special product offerings for this spring, including the most luxurious Futura ever, the Ghia Luxury Group, with a choice of three exterior color schemes: Red Glow, Medium Blue Glow, or Creme/Gold Tu-Tone, each with matching color-keyed vinyl roof and turbine wheel covers.

There are luxury touches inside, too: Flight-bench seat with fold-down center armrest, Venezia cloth seat inserts, four-spoke luxury steering wheel, 18-ounce cut-pile carpeting, day/night inside mirror, right-side visor vanity mirror, luggage compartment trim, glove box lock, color-keyed cloth headliner, cigaret lighter and rear-seat ashtrays.

The new Indianapolis 500 Pace Car Mustang replica and Indianapolis Speedway Official F-Series Pickup Truck Package are detailed in the article beginning on page 7. □

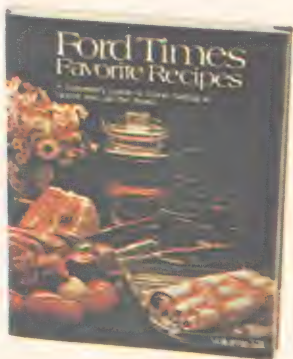
New Engine Offering in Mustang

The 3.3-liter (200-CID) IV six-cylinder engine now is available as an option in the 1979 Mustang with the SelectShift automatic transmission only in all states but California. Produced at Ford's Lima, Ohio, Engine Plant, the 3.3-liter engine also is an optional powerplant on Fairmont.

Introducing Volume VII, the Biggest and Best Yet of Our More-Than-A-Million-Copies-Sold People-Pleaser:

WHEN YOU SELL more than a million *Ford Times* cookbooks, you know you have something people like. So when our last cookbook was sold out, we went to work on something bigger and better in the same people-pleasing tradition. The result: *Ford Times Favorite Recipes*, Volume VII.

This all-new volume — the seventh since 1950 — is a collection of recipes and restaurant descriptions from our award-winning monthly *Ford Times* feature "Favorite Recipes from Famous Restaurants" of the past six years. It even includes extra recipes for which we didn't have space in the magazine. There are 371 prized recipes from 237 restaurants (nearly 20 per cent more than in any previous volume) throughout North America. Even the size is new and larger — 8-5/8 x 10-7/8 inches.



Each restaurant is illustrated by a four-color painting or photo, and information about each restaurant's location is included as a reference for travelers as well as for cooks.

To be sure that you get your book — or books — in time for summer traveling, cooking and gift-giving . . . ORDER NOW. ALLOW 60 DAYS FOR DELIVERY.

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Ford Times Favorite Recipes

A Traveler's Guide to Good Eating at
Home and on the Road.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO MY SNIVELING Niece



by Virginia Kidd

SELECTING greeting cards used to be a simple matter. I went to the card counter, grabbed up a brightly colored "Happy Birthday," and sent it on the appropriate day. No more. Now the card reads "To a Dear Aunt from the Two of Us," and I'd better be two and have a dear aunt if I want to get anywhere at all.

It's not that I object to a card that reads "For a Special Friend on Her Birthday" or "Happy St. Patrick's Day to a Swell Brother-in-Law." It's just that there are some obvious categories left out. I can look all day and never find what I really need, like "Happy Birthday to a Run-of-the-Mill Acquaintance from the Next Person Over in the Office to Whom You've Mentioned Your Birthday Five Times This Week" or "To My Richest Uncle at Thanksgiving."

Not only do the cards tell us who they are for, they tell us what the person is like. "For a Sweet Niece," they write glowingly. Obviously I can't send that to Janet after she shut the cat up in the toilet bowl last time she was here. When are they going to come out with something really appropriate like "Happy Birthday to My Sniveling Niece"? If we're going to have adjectives on cards, let's have something realistic. I want a card that reads "To the Grimy Brat Next Door."

As if descriptions weren't enough, they've also taken to putting ages on cards with notations like "To a Big 5-Year-Old." This is safe enough, but a trend is a trend, and sometimes these

things can get out of control. While I recognize that honestly rejoicing in one's true age is in vogue, I still don't look forward to the card that says "Happy Birthday to a Sweet 36-Year-Old."

Personally, I'm convinced that card designers all come from the same background: a nice homey one centered around the hearth and peopled with loved ones who send cards to dear family, dear friends, dear neighbors down the street, darling sweethearts, and secret pals (who are really dear friends). Let's face it, these designers are simply out of date. What else but pure ignorance of contemporary lifestyles would prevent them from marketing the obvious winner, "To My Ex-Spouse on Halloween"?

What we need, if we're going to have relationships on cards at all, is some modern thinking in their conception. I looked for two weeks and never found "Happy Birthday to My Ex-Sister-in-Law's New Step-Daughter." And do you have any idea how hard it is to find "Happy Mother's Day to My Son's Step-Mother"? Wouldn't you think they'd have one beginning "From One Mother to Another" or something like that? And where have they hidden "To My Step-Sister's Grandmother at Christmas"? She gave us homemade pickles, for heaven's sake, we could at least send her a card!

I guess they think divorced families sever all ties. Is that reasonable? Are we really to suppose that Elizabeth Taylor doesn't even send Richard Burton a birthday card? Af-

ter all they went through? She probably doesn't, of course. How often do you find "Happy Birthday to My Ex-Husband Twice Removed"?

Then card companies could give up their naive assumption that all who send cards are blissful about each other's behavior and begin supplying the subtle nudges so many of us would like to send. "To My Sister's Latest Lover at Easter" is a gentle but basically defensible social comment. Or "Trying Again?" to go with your second wedding gift to your cousin.

With ideas like these, card designers could make a new contribution to America. Instead, they offer a fiendish invention which indicates to me that for all their talk of home and family, they have a basically sadistic streak: blank cards. In despair at the paucity of offerings, I select an attractive card, left blank for my own personal inscription, take it home and sit for three-quarters of an hour looking fearfully at the white space in the middle of the card.

Not that some ideas don't immediately come to mind. "How are you? I am fine." "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" in scroll big enough to leave room only for a signature. Dirty pictures for my brother.

What I select, then enter in my neatest script is a notation to warm the heart for years to come, a unique expression of my personal feelings: "To a Dear Aunt," then as an afterthought, knowing my sister would want to share the card, I add "From the Two of Us." □

illustrations by
Arthur Shilstone



At the Art Museum on a Rainy Sunday

by Mary Augusta Rodgers

ONCE in a while, the right kind of Sunday begins with rain — a fresh-smelling, steady spring rain murmuring a subliminal message to sleep late and take life easy. Previously made plans for the day, involv-

ing strenuous outdoor activity, are automatically cancelled. What a relief! How deep the return to sleep when all duty is denied!

Later there's time for a hot and buttery breakfast eaten within a nest

of the Sunday papers. Then a look at an interesting TV program, or a sociable phone call or two, or music on the stereo. Or some soul-restoring meditative moments while sitting on a warm radiator cover and staring out the window at the rain. No need to hurry. A visit to the art museum is all that's on for the afternoon.

It's nice, but not essential, to find someone selling spring flowers near the museum entrance, by the sleepy stone lions. A dash up the steps and through the revolving doors to join the crowd checking umbrellas and coats in one corner of the vast entrance hall. The air smells of perfume, pipe smoke and wet wool. A chorus of voices, with some rising above the others.

"What's so special about the special exhibit?"

"I want to see where the stolen pictures were. Sure, I know they aren't there *now*. You think I'm dumb or something?"

"There are two rather magnificent paintings you must see. All the others are . . . well, paint."

"You've seen one tapestry, you've seen 'em all. That's my feeling."

One college student to another: "Go ahead and I'll meet you in Medieval Armor. I'm not into mummies yet."

A divorced father, smiling desperately at his young daughter, who is refusing to get up off the floor: "Tell you what, Tiffany; we're going upstairs to see some really *neat* pictures. *Then* we'll go to the snack bar."

Up the sweeping marble stairs to

echoing galleries filled with the loot of centuries; paintings and sculptures that have come from palaces and churches, tombs and ducal drawing rooms, conquered castles and dusty attics, forgotten villages and slum apartments, cities and gardens long ago buried under desert sands.

Visitor, studying a brochure: "There are more than two million art objects in this museum. What do you say about that?"

Visitor's friend: "Art appreciation starts with a good pair of shoes."

Children are much in evidence on Sunday. A round-eyed baby, carried in a pack on his father's back, sucks on a pacifier and stares at the proud bosom of a Rubens nude. "Kids, *please* stay together," someone calls, plaintively, and there is a fierce "*Shhhhh!*" from someone else. Two teen-agers amuse themselves by finding familiar faces among the portraits: a Renaissance prince who looks like The Fonz, a Roman soldier who looks like George C. Scott, a Dutch burgher who is "the spitting image of my Uncle Harris."

People who need people are busy looking; you hear a lot of introductory remarks. Some develop into rewarding conversations, others do not. It seems that a positive attitude works better than a negative approach. Young man who has been looking with interest at a blonde girl studying Picasso's *Figure of a Woman*: "My dog could do better than that."

"Maybe your dog could. *You* couldn't."



In the right mood, an art museum is a very romantic place. Many admire the paintings while holding hands. The future appears bright for one couple ("This is my favorite picture," he says; "It's perfect!" she says, moving closer) and not so good for another. ("Why do you have to *analyze* everything? I just like it, that's all.") An elderly couple pauses before Manet's *The Music Lesson*, looking pleased; he whispers something, she laughs, and they move on, murmuring companionably to each other. A man and a woman stand staring at a Gauguin; they look troubled, and it is impossible to guess at their relationship. The painting's title is: *Where Did We Come From? What Are We?*

Where Are We Going?

"You can always tell the real art lovers," someone remarks. "They don't have much to say." And then there are all the others.

"They're called Impressionists because it's the impression that's important, get it?"

"Can't you just feel the emotion in those brush strokes?"

"My new dress is *exactly* that shade of green."

And a small, sad voice from the next room: "I don't know much about art. I don't even know what I like."

Students draw sketches in their notebooks. An artist sets up his easel and squints professionally at Pissaro's *On The Road to Ennery*. A woman

sitting on a bench, obviously waiting, glances at her watch and sighs. A museum guard snoozes in his chair. Another guard, imprisoned between two priceless paintings, stares hopelessly out a window. A girl combs her hair and puts on lipstick, bending toward her reflection in a gilded mirror (French: Louis XVI Period, 1774-92) once used by Marie Antoinette. A young man seems fascinated by a painting of a nude girl sitting on the edge of a bed and staring ahead.

"What do you suppose she's thinking about, at this particular point in her life?"

"Getting paid for modeling, smarty."

You would never know that it is still raining outside. The light is excellent, the heat and humidity carefully controlled. In the heavy gilt frames along the walls, flowers bloom forever, ripe peaches and apples await a silver knife, caged beasts roar silently and an upraised sword glints against an azure sky. Renoir's lady holds up her pink parasol, Degas' ballet dancers rest against a barre, Toulouse Lautrec's absinthe-drinkers sit at a cafe table and regard the world with bored and sour stares. Delacroix' women, in flowing robes, mourn over the body of Christ.

They will all wait, like old friends, for the next visit. □

25th Almanac Available for Only \$1.25

DURING the past quarter of a century more than 10 million copies of the *Ford Almanac* have been distributed and the publication has become America's outstanding idea book for the home and farm. This year the *Ford Almanac* is celebrating its silver anniversary with a 25th Anniversary Edition that is one of the greatest editions in the program's long and successful history. This 144-page book contains an enormous amount of new and helpful information for every type of family, large or small. There are sections on "Gardening and Country Living," "Money Management," "Home and Family," "Energy Savings" and other interesting topics.

Copies are available for only \$1 (Illinois residents please add 5 cents sales tax), plus 25 cents for postage and handling. Send check or money order for \$1.25, payable to *Ford Almanac*, to:

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HIGH COUNTRY TROUT FISHING IN THE ROCKIES

by Albert H. Newman
photos by Leonard P. Johnson

Thousands of square miles of wilderness fishing country are within reach of weekenders from either coast

SPOTTED throughout the Rocky Mountains are thousands of remote, crystal-clear lakes where a dedicated fisherman can enjoy his sport in total privacy, surrounded by some of the most stunning scenery in America. But though numerous, these lakes are not casually found. Many are reachable only by foot, some by horse, rarely by vehicle. At most, the chance that a fisherman will meet a stranger is unlikely; that he will meet a crowd is impossible. This is rare and marvelous fishing, utterly fulfilling. It can be costly. It is always memorable.

The setting is an early August morning, 10,000 feet high in the Rocky Mountains. The brilliant sun warms the tent, the aroma of fresh coffee mitigates the regret at leaving the sleeping bag. Ten steps away there's a whole lakeful of feisty trout. Wilderness? Of course, but perhaps also more convenient than you think.

In the last several years, the expansion of scheduled air service in the West has brought thousands of square miles of back country within reach of weekenders from either coast. One

New York editor commutes weekly to his job from Big Horn, Wyoming (population 200). It's never been quicker, cheaper or easier to put in a few relaxing, sociable days fishing in the Rockies.

One little-known destination is Wyoming's Cloud Peak Primitive Area. No machinery is allowed in there, not even chain saws; the best way to go is by horse. Archie MacCarty, a pack trip guide, will meet guests at the Sheridan airport. From there it's about an hour's drive into the mountains to Spear-O-Wigwam, Archie's home base.

Spearo's, as it is called, is one of the fine old guest ranches that have been drawing affluent visitors to the Big Horns for decades. But the truly great fishing and the real back country lie several miles beyond the ranch, in the wilderness, away from cars, electricity and phone calls.

As do most outfitters, Archie sup-



plies everything but the guest's personal gear. Food, tents, horses and tack are his responsibility. The guest's equipment, besides a sleeping bag and the usual camping and fishing gear, should include warm clothing; nighttime freezes are not uncommon at high altitudes, even in August. A down vest is an especially valuable addition to the high-altitude fisherman's wardrobe; it keeps the body warm while allowing the arms free movement. Also, many people find a pair of longjohns useful in reducing chafe during the tender first day of horseback riding. One need not be young or even a good rider to go on a pack trip, for the pace is always that of the heavily laden pack horses — a walk.

Like so many worthwhile ventures, pack tripping in the mountains is not cheap. The usual charge is about \$75 a day, per person. And very few outfitters will take a group of fewer than four people.

Soon after leaving Spear-O-Wigwam, the pack string climbs away from the thick, dry pine forests into a wetter, rocky alpine environment. Here, strung out for a few hundred yards, are a series of beaver ponds, excellent introductions to mountain fishing.

Stealth is the word around beaver ponds, for they're usually shallow and small. One spooked fish can panic the entire population, leaving the fisherman with an empty creel.

Because the abundant food in these ponds often supports many fish, a few casts into the food-rich depres-

sion created by the pond's inlet will quickly reveal whether there are fish or not. One expert fisherman recommends surveying the pond from a good distance, then approaching it from below and casting over the top of the dam. Besides stealth, a great advantage of this approach is that the dam is usually free of bushes and limbs, unlike the banks.

As in most Rocky Mountain streams and lakes, brook trout predominate in beaver ponds, with rainbow and native (cutthroat) common as well.

Ultra-light spinning gear and four-to six-pound monofilament line are ideal here, but casts must be accurate. Nowhere else will you find so many obstacles, from willow tangles to mud-daubed beaver houses. Worms are a sure thing of course, and flies are effective too, as beaver ponds are often swarming with insects.

A few more hours in the saddle puts the fishermen in the high country among alpine meadows strewn with wild flowers, stark granite peaks and some of the best trout fishing in North America.

As with most fishing, the best times to try the high mountain lakes are early morning and late afternoon. Fish have good vision, so a mirror-surfaced lake makes it easier for them to see the fisherman or see his fly line hit the surface. Early and late in the day, differential heating and cooling sets breezes moving up and down valleys, and they're a great help in roughing up the lake surface.



Since nothing changes faster than weather at high altitudes, it pays in comfort to be well prepared. In a single day there may be a tiny skim of ice in the morning, 75 degrees by noon and a thunderstorm that spits snow late in the afternoon. And as weather and light change, so do fishing tactics. In clear, still conditions, and taking into account the hatch, trout seem to rise for darker colored flies. Quiet weather calls for beaver-pond stealth, too. Stay well back from the shore, wear dull-colored clothes and walk lightly. When it clouds over and blows a bit, you can be more aggressive and try lighter-colored flies.

Each guide has favorite flies and of course each situation demands adaptability. But there are several favorite flies that have proven themselves over the years. The Rio Grande King,

Gray Hackle and Western Bee are three excellent wet flies to have along. For dry flies, it's hard to go wrong with the Light Cahill and Royal Coachman.

Often, in the late afternoon, there are several hours of daylight between the time the sun dodges behind a high peak and darkness. The fishing may be best then, especially very late. But without the sun, the cold descends quickly and thoughts turn to an early fire to help banish the chill. For although the ostensible purpose is to catch fish and see the country, the warm companionship of a fishing camp alone justifies any trip.

Most of the Rocky Mountains is bear country. Although grizzlies are now rare, other kinds of bears aren't. It's a good idea to hang fish high in a tree or stake them in a stream at

night. Although usually not dangerous, a hungry bear padding around camp is enough to spoil the sleep of even the most experienced guide.

South of here 450 miles is one of the most remote mountain ranges in Colorado, the San Juans. This is where John Neely of Durango begins packing people into Lake Castille by the middle of June. But for the first two weeks of the season, the late spring runoff roils the usually clear water. Bait is the only thing that will bring fish until early July, and fly fishing isn't really at its best until the middle of that month. Like most pack trips, John's average four to five days; shorter periods are impractical because two days are necessary for the ride in and out. If you allot a day each way for air travel, it's a fine week's vacation.

For the very earliest Western trout fishing, try the Gila National Forest in southwestern New Mexico. The season opens in April down there, and it's some of the best brown trout fishing in the world. Angus Campbell has lived and guided in this high, parched country for years; he'll lead you to the lunkers.

Much farther north, July and August are perfect for trout fishing in Idaho. Dave Giles of Salmon River Lodge runs five-day fishing pack trips in the Idaho Primitive Area for \$325 a person. These trips cover about 60 miles, with fishing for rainbow and cutthroat from several lakes and countless streams. Shorter trips are available, too.

No matter where you go, or when, it's a good bet that recalling your fishing in America's high country you'll have only one regret — that the trip had to end. □

List of Guides

Archie MacCarty, Box 328, Story, Wyoming 82842
 John Neely, 3624 County Road 203, Durango, Colorado 81301
 Angus Campbell, Gila Hot Springs, New Mexico 88061
 Dave Giles, Salmon River Lodge, Box 58, Salmon, Idaho 83467



illustrations by Linda Boston



THE WONDERFUL FLAVOR OF GUMBO

by Lew Dietz

THE INNOCENT stranger wandering into the Acadian country of Louisiana's Lower Delta may have the uneasy feeling that he has wandered inadvertently across a border without benefit of visa. He will discover that a mallard is a "French duck," a bullfrog

a *ouaouaron*, a *fais-do-do* a country dance named for French baby-talk that means to go to sleep.

He may also be surprised to learn that the slow-moving waterways that gird this low-lying region are not called *bye-oos* but *bye-uz* and that *filé*

(pronounced *fee-lay*), the green powder that is the *sine qua non* of a seafood gumbo *filé*, comes from a tree that doesn't appear on any list of American forest trees. The gumbo tree is in fact the common sassafras that grows almost everywhere east of the Mississippi.

The cuisine of the Lower Delta is commonly thought of as French when in fact it's a miscellany of French, Spanish, Indian and African cookery. The word gumbo is of Congo origin, a corruption of "quingombo," meaning okra. Though the word *filé* derives from the French, meaning ropey or to twist, it was the Choctaw Indians who introduced the early Louisianans to its use as a seasoning and thickener.

For those underprivileged who have never tasted a gumbo, it should be explained that this is a soup of gravy consistency served over a mound of steamed rice to be sopped up with chunks of crusty French bread. It is to the Acadian country what baked beans are to Boston, scrapple to Philadelphia, crabcakes to Baltimore. In short, it is unlikely that the visitor to the bayou region can escape an invitation *à manger un 'ti' gumbo* (eat a little gumbo). And it is his loss if he manages to bypass the experience.

The stranger seeking the recipe for this rich and savory regional dish will encounter no reluctance from natives. He will be obliged at every hand. And therein lies the problem: There are as many recipes for a Cajun gumbo as

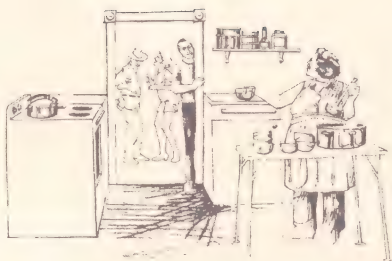
there are Cajuns. After the prefatory "first you make a roux" the ramifications become bewilderingly personal. The experimenter should be warned that the process of browning flour in oil or fat to make a roux without scorching is something only a Cajun can manage with ease.

There is a story that concerns a Yankee who married a bayou girl. Homesick for a New England boiled dinner, he asked his wife if she'd make one for him. He watched as she made the roux and then produced the celery, onions, sweet peppers, parsley, tomatoes and garlic. The vegetables simmering, she reached up and brought down her jar of *filé* from the shelf. The Yankee husband shook his head helplessly. "Mama," he said, "why is it that whatever you make, it turns out Cajun?"

It might be well to mention that the word "Cajun" should not be used carelessly by the outsider. The French Louisianans contracted *Acadien* to *L'Acadien*. Texans and other outlanders corrupted the word to "Cajun," and all too often employed it disparagingly.

The fact that the Louisiana French often use the term among themselves should not be construed as a general invitation to visitors to adopt the usage, and certainly not without a smile. This subtlety might be expressed by the fact that while it is acceptable to call a seafood gumbo *filé* a "Cajun" dish, a stranger does not refer to its maker as a "Cajun" cook.

The sassafras, or gumbo tree (the *safra*n to the older French habitants),



has the distinction of bearing leaves of three different forms on the same branch: oval, two-lobed or mitten-shaped, and three-lobed — a peculiarity shared only by the mulberry. Immemorably, the sassafras has been valued as a folk medicine. The Indians used the oil from its roots to treat wounds. Tea was — and still is — brewed from its bark. It's the aromatic leaves, however, that are prized by the Lower Deltans and no bayou kitchen is complete without a jar of the green powder made from them.

Though filé is readily available in the stores of the region, many bayou families still go through the ritual of gathering the leaves and preparing their own private stock. The leaves are gathered in the late summer before cool nights slow the sap. They are carefully dried in the shade and then pounded into a powder in a canvas bag or with mortar and pestle. Hard bits of stem are winnowed out in a flour sifter. The powder is stored in tightly sealed amber jars in a cool dark corner of the cupboard.

Jim Bowie, hero of the Alamo and

one-time Louisianan, was fussy about his filé. He wrote, "In the month of August during the full moon, break branches from sassafras tree. Hang branches to dry in shaded, ventilated place for two weeks. Expose to sunlight for one to one-and-a-half hours before finely grinding in a mill."

A Louisiana gumbo, in common with many world-famous country dishes, started out as a way to use up leftovers, which explains the infinite variations on the culinary theme. Into a gumbo may go a hambone, bits of ham, turkey, duck, game sausage and seafood. The essential difference between a seafood gumbo filé and the other basic gumbo, the okra gumbo, is that in the latter the unripe pods of the okra plants are used as the thickener and they are cooked along with the gumbo. In the gumbo filé, the green powder is added only after the dish is off the fire and ready to serve.

And the timing of the seafood gumbo filé is more critical than the okra gumbo since the oysters, shrimp, crabmeat or other seafood are added in order of their proper cooking times.

The Acadian people are by nature joyous and sociable. And a "good time" on the bayou is not complete without a gumbo. A night of dancing usually ends up in a private kitchen with heaping bowls of this regional speciality. The hostess will accept graciously her guests' compliments for her okra gumbo. But any good words for a seafood gumbo filé will be dismissed with a smile. Perhaps, she suggests, the credit should go to *le bon Dieu* for

the blessing of the gumbo tree.

BASIC GUMBO FILÉ

- 3 quarts water
- 1 onion, quartered
- 3 cloves garlic
- ½ bell pepper
- 3 tablespoons oil or bacon drippings
- 3 tablespoons flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- Pepper
- Shrimp (⅔ pound and up)
- Oysters (½ pint and up)
- 1 teaspoon filé

Let vegetables simmer in water until they fall apart. Mash on plate, discarding pepper skin. Return pulp to water. Make dark roux of oil and flour, stirring constantly. Slowly stir in seasoned water, then salt and pepper. Cook 5 minutes. Add shrimp and cook 15 minutes; then add oysters and simmer 5 more minutes. Filé should be added after gumbo is removed from heat, just before serving. Allow to stand 5 minutes after stirring in filé. Serves 4.

The roux should be thicker for an oyster gumbo than one without because of the water exuded by oysters.

To give the gumbo its rich brown color, browned flour is used to make the roux. Spread flour on a cookie sheet and brown slowly in 250° oven, shaking pan occasionally.

Whatever conglomeration of seafoods, poultry, game or vegetables goes into making the gumbo, great care must be taken with the filé powder. It should be stirred into the hot mixture after the pot has been taken from the heat and never allowed to

boil. Heat makes the filé string miserably and leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth.

If there is a possibility that the gumbo will have to be reheated, the best method is to spoon the hot mixture into soup plates over rice and sprinkle each with about ¼ teaspoon filé.

This old New Orleans recipe runs the gamut of ingredients that can go into a gumbo.

NEW ORLEANS GUMBO

- 1 3-pound chicken, cut up
- 1 tablespoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- ½ cup shortening
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 2 pounds okra, cut in ¼ inch slices
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 6 tablespoons flour
- ¼ pound boiled ham, diced
- 2 cups canned tomatoes
- 16 large oysters
- 2 quarts chicken or beef stock
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- 1 pound shrimp
- 1 pound crabmeat
- 2 teaspoons filé

Sprinkle chicken with salt and pepper and fry to golden brown in hot shortening. Remove chicken to large, heavy pot. Add onion, okra and butter to skillet and sauté until golden. Add flour and stir until brown. Add to chicken with ham, tomatoes, liquid drained from oysters, stock, bay leaf and parsley. Cover and simmer over low heat about 2 hours. Add oysters, shrimp and crabmeat and cook 5 minutes. Correct seasonings, remove from heat and thoroughly stir in filé. Spoon into soup plates over boiled rice. Serves 10. □

GLOVE COMPARTMENT

IN WHICH YOU CAN FIND A LITTLE BIT OF EVERYTHING BUT GLOVES

Back by Popular Demand — *Texas*, a musical drama of Panhandle history produced by the Texas Panhandle Heritage Foundation, opens for its 14th season June 20 at the Pioneer Amphitheatre in Palo Duro Canyon State Park, near Amarillo. Nightly performances (except Sunday) will run through August 25. Reservations are recommended. Write to Texas, Box 268, Canyon, Texas 79015 or call 806-655-2181.

For Horse Lovers — Kentucky's newest state park is a 1,000-acre horse farm where visitors can watch experts raise, groom, train, shoe, harness and show many breeds amidst bluegrass fields and working barns. Special events include horse shows, steeplechase, dressage and polo. At I-75 and Iron Works Pike in Lexington, Kentucky Horse Park is open year-round, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. in the summer with earlier closings in the off-season. Write to Kentucky Horse Park, R.R. 6 Iron Works Pike, Lexington, Kentucky 40511.

Coast-to-Coast Cycling — Developed by Bikecentennial, a nonprofit service organization for touring bicyclists, the TransAmerican Bicycle Trail stretches 4,450 miles from Yorktown, Virginia, to Astoria, Oregon. Since 1976, thousands of people have cycled on the quiet country roads of the trail. For information about 1979 tours, Bikecentennial services, publications and membership, contact Bikecentennial, P. O. Box 8308 — P2, Missoula, Montana 59807.

Archaeological Adventure — This year marks the 10th anniversary of the Koster dig in Kampsville, Illinois. Twelve distinct civilizations have been discovered here, dating back 9,000 years. An ancient village, primitive craft demonstrations and a museum explain how the Koster Archaeological Expedition has altered our view of early man's lifestyle. Kampsville is at the junction of State Highways 96 and 100. It is 270 miles southwest of Chicago and 60 miles north of St. Louis. Visitor's hours are 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. daily, June to September. There's no charge. Write to Northwestern Archaeology Programs, Box 1499, Evanston, Illinois 60201.

Photos From Above — The Government's EROS Data Center at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, is the international collection point for photographs taken from aircraft and satellites. Visitors are free to view photos of most earthly spots and can order prints, starting at \$3. EROS (for Earth Resources Observation Systems) is 16 miles northeast of Sioux Falls, off I-90 on County Road 121. Tours start at 10:30 a.m. and 2:30 p.m. weekdays, except holidays. Write to Eros Data Center, Sioux Falls, South Dakota 57198 for additional information. □



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My Old Kentucky Home



Story and photos by Gloria Stanton

THE STATELY brick mansion sits atop a sloping tree-studded estate that meets a brook, then a rambling split-rail fence banking the highway. My Old Kentucky Home, the state shrine and park commemorating Stephen C. Foster, is a good place to stop and stretch while driving in Kentucky. It's at Bardstown, between Lexington and Elizabethtown, just off the Blue Grass Parkway on U.S. 150.

A leisurely walk about the grounds is enough to give you an inkling of the inspiration Stephen Collins Foster must have felt when he wrote his immortal song *My Old Kentucky Home* and his many songs of the Old South including *Old Black Joe*, *Oh, Susannah*, *Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair* and *Old Folks at Home*.

The *Stephen Foster Story*, a musical drama, is a living memorial to the composer. Performances are presented nightly (except Monday) at an amphitheater on the grounds from mid-June through Labor Day. Matinees are shown each Saturday in an indoor air-conditioned theater. (As a state park, My Old Kentucky Home also includes a campsite and a golf course.)

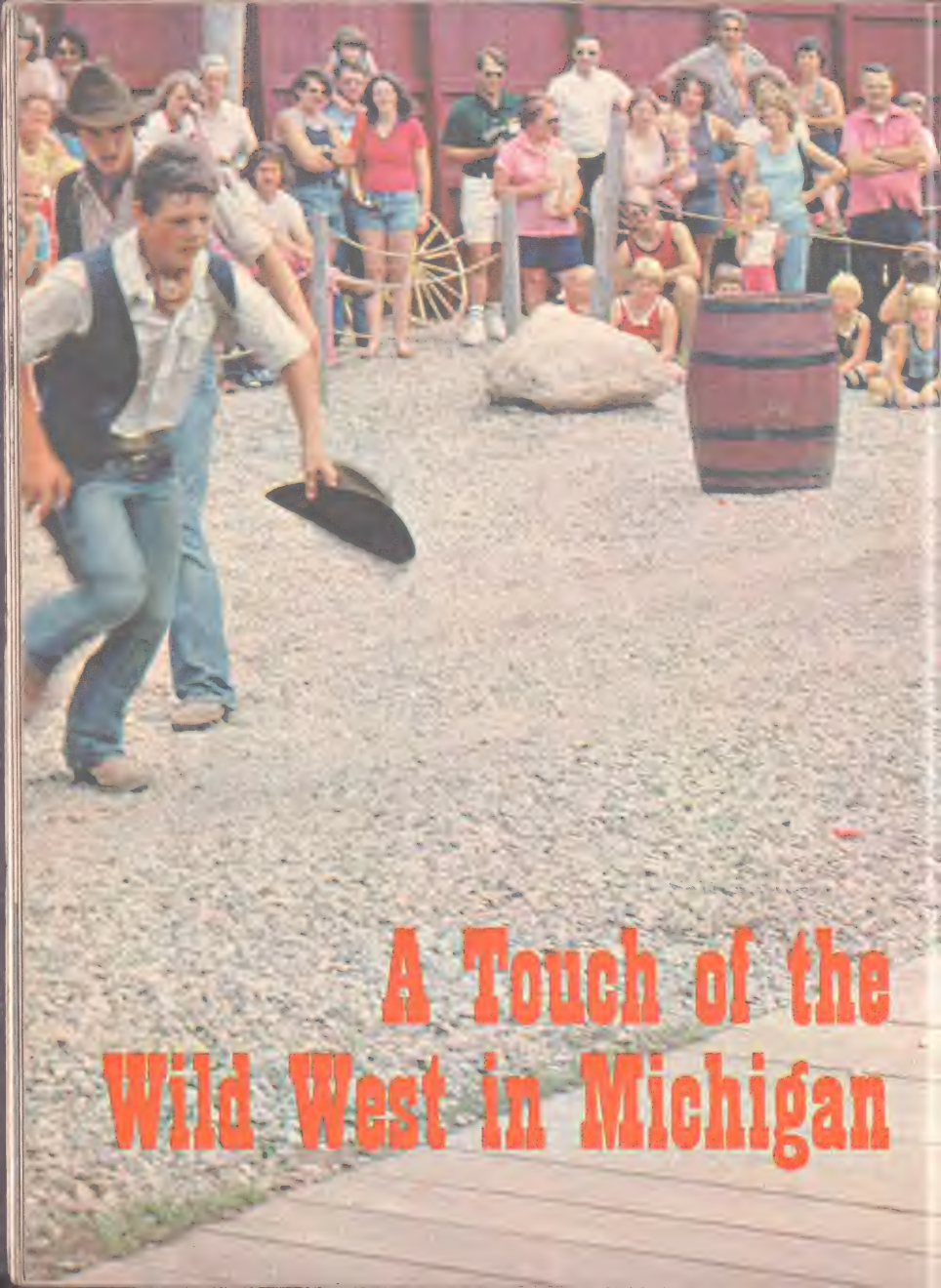
The setting for so many of Stephen Foster's songs was built in 1795 by Judge John Rowan, whose family lived there for several years. Stephen Foster, a relative, was said to have been a frequent visitor to the mansion. The house is furnished as the Rowan

family home from 1812 to 1855.

For a tour of the two-story home, there is a fee. There is no parking charge. The lot is on the west side near the souvenir shop, which is a reconstructed log cabin filled with Kentucky memorabilia from Daniel Boone to Stephen Foster.

A small brick-walled cemetery on the estate gives prominence to the memory of Judge Rowan, whose monument overlooks the smaller markers of his family members. Although there is no marker to the "visiting relative" (Foster died in New York in 1864), it is interesting to read the gravestones. One is inscribed to a young Rowan "lost at sea." Another marks the grave of a captain in the Confederate Army. A Rowan lady is remembered as a "charming companion," enough to make you wonder if she might possibly have inspired *Beautiful Dreamer* or *Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair*. The most recently erected monument is that for Madge Rowan Frost, and reads, "beloved last mistress of 'My Old Kentucky Home' and 'Weep No More My Lady.'"

Judge Rowan's law office is nestled along the estate's gradual slope just a minute's walk from the house. Rowan, a man dedicated to law, aided in the formulation of Kentucky's constitution. Yet it is Stephen Foster, the "frequent visitor" to the Rowan home, who is commemorated at this place for his romantic, haunting melodies that are dear to the hearts of people everywhere. □



A Touch of the Wild West in Michigan



**Stagecoach Stop
is a children's delight and
an antique buff's dream**

by Nicholas J. Bush
photos by Leonard Johnson



IF YOU LIKE the Wild West, you'll love southeastern Michigan.

Sitting atop a small rise in picturesque Irish Hills, there is a re-creation of a turn-of-the century Western town that would make John Wayne feel right at home.

Stagecoach Stop is attracting considerable attention these days from Midwesterners looking for an enjoyable way to spend a day close to home. While it's only 60 miles west of Detroit, this combination museum-amusement park is years removed from modern America.

There are two 1890-style saloons (serving nothing harder than sarsaparilla root beer and Red Eye soda) that are filled with honky-tonk pianos, mannequins outfitted in authentic Old West garb, and more than a hundred antique leaded glass Tiffany shades. The General Store features a pot-bellied stove, checkerboard on a wooden barrel, coffee grinders and

most of the necessities residents would have expected to find in such an emporium.

At the other end of town is the Carriage Museum, a walk-through exhibit of more than 40 fully restored carriages of all kinds, ornate hearses, casket wagons and a number of sleighs.

Between the museum and the General Store are The Old Trail Shop, a reproduction of the shop that kept drovers supplied with boots, hats and the like; a flicker movie house which shows silent movies, and a barber shop complete with original mugs, chairs and other artifacts of barbering in the late 19th century.

A corner ice cream parlor has an original stained glass back-bar, antique dispensers, original marble-topped parlor tables and wire-backed chairs. Everywhere the attention to detail is evident: Antique shelves line the walls; original counters, fixtures



and furnishings are used in every store and shop. The only things plastic are the spoons.

Owners of this remarkable gathering of Americana are Fred and Dorothy Bahlau, who have spent nearly 30 years searching out the treasures now housed at Stagecoach Stop.

However enjoyable a stroll through the Bahlaus' buildings may be, the genial hosts never intended to make Stagecoach Stop a sleepy museum. Stagecoach Stop is Marshal Dillon's kind of town: full of rough-and-tumble action.

The Stagecoach Stop train, a reproduction of an old steam engine that pulls covered "railroad-car" wagons, winds its way over the "Yellow Rock Trail" tens of times daily. Naturally, younger passengers are deputized and outfitted with badges.

After the train departs the Main Street station, it goes through the Clanton Gang's hideout, through

Shady Junction with its livery stable, store and saloon, past Boot Hill and Fort Apache and back to town. To the obvious delight of the new young deputies, the train is attacked by an assortment of well-known desperadoes. And no matter how great the odds, the good guys always win.

Several times each day, Fred Bahlau and his three sons corral visitors in Main Street bleachers to watch the arrival of the notorious Clanton gang.

The town marshal, a man with steel nerves and a quick draw, waits for the inevitable shootout. After a noisy gun battle, marked by some spectacular stunt falls, the Clantons bite the dust.

Very young children quickly see it's all pretend, as the Clantons soon reappear on the sidewalks as helpful cowboys willingly posing for photos.

From rather meager beginnings in 1965, Stagecoach Stop has grown steadily, as improvements are made and the latest acquisitions of Western antiques are put on display. Most recent addition is the Golden Nugget Saloon, an excellent restaurant with many fine pieces of restored furniture, that is across U.S. 12, opposite the town.

The lush Irish Hills countryside with its 50 beautiful lakes and tall oaks, maples and elms, has always been a wonderful auto touring area. A visit to Stagecoach Stop is bound to make a trip to the area an even more enjoyable experience for everyone in the family. □



Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS

by Nancy Kennedy



illustration by Harvey Kidder

PHOENICIA CLUB AND RESTAURANT TULSA, OKLAHOMA

Since its opening in 1964 this Middle Eastern transplant with its Lebanese foods and decor has been an oasis for seekers of interesting cuisine. Good food in a relaxing atmosphere is the aim of the owner, Don Abraham. This is achieved with the same chef since the opening, a piano bar, Arabian-garbed waitresses and old-world wall hangings. Open daily for lunch and dinner except Sundays. Address is 3525-H East 51st Street off I-44.

Phoenicia Beef Kabab

- 1 pound beef tenderloin
- 16 mushroom caps
- 2 onions, cut in eighths

- 2 tomatoes, cut in eighths
- 1 green pepper, cut in pieces
- Melted butter
- ½ lemon
- Worcestershire sauce

Cut beef in 2-inch cubes. Thread on four skewers. Place vegetables in flat pan, sprinkle with salt and pepper and arrange skewers on top. Dribble with melted butter and broil 5 minutes. Turn skewers and broil to desired doneness. Remove meat from skewers, mix with vegetables and squeeze on lemon juice and few dashes Worcestershire. Return to broiler 3 minutes. Serve over hot rice. Serves 4.

Hommos Tahini

Drain 1-pound can garbanzo beans. Run through food mill. Mix with small garlic clove mashed with ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons Tahini (ground sesame seeds) and juice of 2 lemons. Mix well. Cover surface with 1 tablespoon olive oil, garnish with paprika and snipped parsley. Serve as appetizer dip with crackers and vegetables.

THE CHEECHAKO DAMARISCOTTA, MAINE

"For Goodness Sake" is the motto of the Lawson Aldrich family and they prove it every day from April through October by serving menu items made only from fresh ingredients at lunch and dinner. Closed Monday. In its lovely location overlooking the water, shore dinners featuring native clams and lobsters share menu honors with other Maine foods, unusual desserts and family specialties plus fine wines and spirits. The name Cheechako stems from an Eskimo word meaning "newcomer," but most of the clientele are repeaters, arriving by boat on the Damariscotta River or via U.S. Highway 1 on Lewis Point. Don't ask for

catsup — they don't believe in it.

Cheechako Lemon Chiffon Pie

- 6 eggs, separated
- 1 cup sugar, divided
- ½ cup lemon juice
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1¼ tablespoons plain gelatin
- ¼ cup water
- Baked 9-inch pie shell

Whisk together egg yolks, ½ cup sugar, lemon juice and salt in top of double boiler. Heat over water, stirring until custard forms. Soften gelatin in water, add to custard, remove from heat and let cool. Whisk egg whites until foamy. Continue beating, slowly adding ½ cup sugar until stiff peaks form. Add custard and carefully fold in until mixture is smooth. Pour in baked shell, chill 1½ hours. Top with whipped cream.

illustration by Charles Borshanian



THE CROSSING

VANCOUVER, WASHINGTON

This place, built in and around railroad cars, is a natural for railroad buffs but it has great appeal for anyone with a feeling for the nostalgia of bygone days. All dining is in vintage pullmans, coaches and diners, just a hobo's leap from the track that follows the bank of the Columbia River. Brainchild of George Goodrich, restaurateur, and Norbert Sorger, designer, the restaurant captures the aura of the boom days of railroading. Open for lunch and dinner and Sunday morning brunch, the Crossing offers regional specialties along with steaks and roasts. Located at 900 West 7th Street, 8 blocks west of I-5.

Cheese Beer Soup

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup flour

- 1 tablespoon salt
- 2 quarts half and half cream, warmed
- 2 cups beer, warmed
- 3 tablespoons finely chopped green chilies
- Dash cayenne pepper
- 1/2 cup shredded sharp Cheddar cheese

Over low heat melt butter; blend in flour and salt. Cook to smooth paste. Gradually stir in warmed cream; cook and stir until thickened. Stir in warmed beer, chilies, cayenne and cheese. Cook over low heat until moderately thick. Serves 8.

Stuffed Zucchini

Wash and cut 4 small zucchini in halves lengthwise. Hollow out, leaving 1/4 inch on all sides. Cut a thin slice from bottom of each and place on baking sheet. Blend 1/2 pound grated Cheddar cheese, 2 tablespoons minced parsley, 1 tablespoon clarified butter, 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon granulated garlic. Fill zucchinis with mixture. Bake at 350° 20 minutes or until bubbly. Serve on red lettuce as an appetizer or dinner vegetable. Serves 8.

GREENBRIAR INN

BOULDER, COLORADO

It's hard to recognize this charming restaurant as the country store and gas station it was 10 years ago, before Rudi Zwicker set out to remodel. Located at the base of the Rockies, it is open for dinner, by reservation, year round with noon servings on holidays. The extensive menu ranges from mountain trout, seafoods and Continental favorites to steaks and roasts with a large wine selection. Address: U.S. Highway 36, Left Hand Canyon, 8 miles north of Boulder.

Filet of Beef Wellington

- 1 1/2 pounds center cut filet of beef
- Butter, salt, pepper
- 1 cup liver pâté
- 1/4 cup chopped mushrooms

- 2 tablespoons Madeira
- Puff pastry (for shortcut, use frozen prepared pastry)
- 2 egg yolks, beaten

Rub beef with butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place on rack and roast at 450° to 120° (very rare) on thermometer, about 20 minutes. Remove from oven and cool thoroughly. Beat pâté, mushrooms and Madeira until smooth. Spread evenly over cooled filet, including bottom. Roll pastry 1/4-inch thick to fit over and around filet. Place filet on pastry, overlapping edges to form a seam. Moisten edges to seal and place on baking pan, seam side down. Brush with egg yolk. Decorate with designs cut from pastry scraps; brush with more egg. Bake at 425° 10 minutes; reduce to 375° and bake 15 to 20 minutes or until evenly browned. Let rest 10 minutes in warm place before carving. Serves 4.

NATURE'S TINY DYNAMO

Weighing less than a dime, the hummingbird
can conquer hawks, crows—even eagles

by Irwin Ross

illustrations by Jack Tenanzaph

PEOPLE generally think of the elephant and the lion as about the most powerful creatures on earth. But power can come in tiny packages, too — and actually, ounce for ounce, nature's greatest dynamo could be the little hummingbird.

He is the smallest warm-blooded creature that ever has lived on earth, tinier even than some insects, sometimes weighing less than a dime. But concentrated into this mighty mite are nearly a thousand feathers, powerful muscles, a tremendous blood-pumping mechanism — and an urge to live, if not a long life, at least the most frenzied one imaginable.

We humans would consume more than a thousand quarts of oxygen an hour, instead of only 16, if we tried to match the hummingbird's furious way of life. We'd burn, proportionately, 450 times as much energy. In fact, so

much of the hummer's life is spent in furious flight that he is unable to walk — his tiny feet can only grasp a twig — and he must take wing to merely turn around.

His power plant uses so much fuel that he must eat constantly or die from starvation in a few hours.

One bird, clocked at a feeding station, returned every 20 minutes, on the average, for a long drink of syrup. He consumed three times his body weight of the stuff every day. Between trips to the feeding glass he whirled from flower to flower for still more nectar, and a fantastic intake of small insects.

The hummingbird's high-octane fuel is largely sugar, and the amount he needs is staggering. If we had an equivalent sweet tooth, we would be consuming 300 pounds of it daily.

To speed up his feeding, the hum-

mer is frequently equipped with a tongue that is as long as his whole body. Little more than two hollow tubes, it whisks nectar and insects into his mouth.

In some species, the birds are little more than mobile platforms toting tremendous tongues. One Central American variety, for example, has a body about three inches long, a bill that extends for five inches beyond

that — and a tongue that reaches out for an additional five inches.

The hummingbird is strictly diurnal, spending the night hours asleep. How does this little dynamo manage to stretch his food supply until morning without starving?

Studies show that the hummer has an off-on switch, which enables the bird's nighttime burning of fuel to drop to a mere one-fifteenth of the

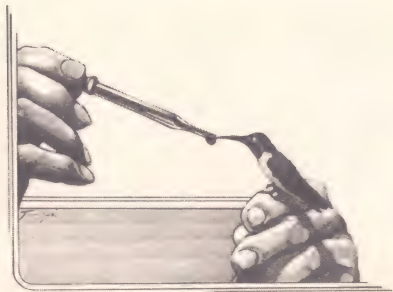


daytime level. This is the same sort of magic that hibernating animals employ in their long winter sleep.

The bird becomes practically insensible, unable to move, and its body temperature drops to that of the surrounding air; it slows all its systems to conserve energy. So lifeless do hummers become that scientists have picked them off branches in the middle of the night as if they were ripe fruit. They never stir.

Most birds are, aerodynamically, the most perfect flying machines on earth. The hummer is also the only perfect helicopter. His wings are attached to his shoulders in such a way that they spin almost like rotary propellers — making him the sole bird able to hang suspended in mid-air, fly backwards, dart sideways, rise vertically.

When he is hovering with his long pointed beak deep inside a flower, his wings are an indistinct blur. That is because they are beating an unbelievable 55 times per second. (The fast-darting sparrow, by comparison, does only 13 strokes a second.)



So powerful is the force of these wingbeats that leaves more than a foot below feeding hummers may tremble as if stirred by a strong breeze. At top flying speed of over 60 miles an hour, the wings vibrate about 200 times a second.

With these wonderful wings, the hummingbird is one of the greatest stunt fliers ever to take to the air. In his "pendulum" courtship flight, at extremely high speed, the male zooms forwards and backwards in front of the female, like a stone swung rapidly from the end of an invisible cord. The pendulum arc may cover as much as 40 feet and be repeated a couple of dozen times, in ever faster tempo. Finally, he tops off the performance with perpendicular zooms, sometimes to heights of 50 feet.

Hummingbirds are extremely pugnacious, and should another male whirr by to interrupt the pendulum courtship, there is a real rough-and-tumble fight. The rivals cross their saber-bills and jab at each other like expert fencers. But they soon fall to the ground, rolling over and over, viciously beating their wings and pummeling each other like a couple of boxers. The bird that is losing suddenly rolls over on his back, spreads his wings and appears dead.

The victor lets out a triumphant squeak and starts to fly off, at which time the beaten bird quickly comes to life and renews the battle with a sneak attack from behind. Some pairs of these miniature goliaths will fight for half an hour until one is *really* beaten.

The winner hardly takes time to celebrate his victory. Like everything else in these birds' lives, their mating is shockingly rapid. The honeymoon is over in a few hours (some naturalists claim the birds even mate on the wing), the male leaves to find another female, and the mated female works

male actually plants a garden of moss and lichens so that it is practically indistinguishable from a tiny knot in the limb. Even a skilled naturalist has trouble locating hummingbird nests, so skillfully are they disguised.

The hummingbird is utterly fearless. His needle-like bill, driven at 60 miles an hour, can be a terrible weapon; and he will attack any bird, no matter what its size or ferocity: kingbirds, hawks, crows, even eagles.



to build her nest in a furious day's activity. In some species, the female begins a second clutch of eggs while still feeding the first batch of young, and may have as many as three nests going at once.

The cradle that the common ruby-throated hummingbird constructs is no larger than a walnut and holds two pearly white eggs the size of peas. Bits of bark are woven together with silk stolen from spiders and caterpillars.

On the outside of the nest, the fe-

Hummingbirds are found exclusively in the New World, where over 750 different kinds are known. The ruby-throat, found in the eastern two-thirds of the country, winters in Panama and other areas of Latin America. It gets there by flying about 500 miles nonstop across the Gulf of Mexico. The migration of the birds is a triumph of sheer nerve and endurance. □

Go Exploring With a Pocket Lens

There are wonders around us every day—and we owe it to ourselves to see them

by Hal Borland photos by Leonard P. Johnson

JUST BEYOND the world of the obvious lies another world, the world of the miniature, with brand new vistas for the confined or lazy nature watcher. I

catch glimpses of it often, but with naked eyes I can see only enough to tantalize me. With a pocket-size magnifying glass I can enter it as though I





Clockwise, from left: dandelion, thistle, mugho pine cones, red clover, geranium seeds

were walking into a Lilliputian world.

I first discovered it through the crude, molded glass lens of a discarded flashlight. All I got through that glass was a glimpse. Impatient, I took the lens from my camera. That was far better, but not really satisfactory and no good camera lens should be used that way. I went to an optical store and bought a good 10-power pocket lens.

With such a glass one can start anywhere. The dooryard is a good place, and a head of white clover, such as grows in the lawn, is a good subject. Focus the glass on that little tuft of bloom and you will see that it really is a closely packed bunch of what looks like half-opened sweet peas. The individual flowers are only about 1/16 inch across, but under the glass they look 10 times that big. The petals are smooth and the whole flower is simplified. You seem to hold an exotic corsage in your hand. Remove the glass, blink to clear your eyes and it is only a head of white clover, quite insignificant. But for a little while you were there in that other world.

Pluck a head of red clover, the kind that farmers plant in hay fields and that escapes to roadsides. This is at least twice as big as the clover head from the lawn. Under the glass it is another bunch of sweet peas, these with pink petals closely lined with hair-fine markings of deep crimson. The outer petal stands like a tall, curved Spanish comb on each individual flower, and the inner petals are shaped something like twin pink clam

shells. They guard the stamen and the ovary, and to reach the pollen on the stamens a bee must force the shell-petals apart. It takes a bumblebee to do that. Clover will not reseed itself where there are no bumblebees.

The roadside will provide several other clovers for examination under the glass — fuzzy little heads of rabbit-foot clover, tiny yellow heads of hop clover and both white and yellow sweet clover. Other members of the clover family include vetch, partridge pea and tick-trefoil, whose little seed pods break into triangular sticktights when they ripen. After any autumn walk I have to pick these trefoil pods from my clothes, where they cling with miniature hooks. Have a look at them through the glass and see how vicious those tiny hooks look when magnified.

Before going farther afield, pick a dandelion blossom. If your lawn is like mine there will be dandelions in bloom from April through November. Through the glass, when I look at a dandelion I seem to be looking at a particularly beautiful quilled dahlia or a brand new type of golden chrysanthemum. The glass also reveals a maze of green-yellow stamens among the golden petals, hair-thin and each with a two-pronged tip, the prongs curving downward like the traditional horns of a goat. There are hundreds of stamens, as many as there are petals; actually, each petal is an individual floret, for the dandelion is a composite, one of a whole family of flowers that bear their blossoms in compact



Left Above: Queen Anne's lace. Below: milkweed pod



communities that we usually think of as single flowers.

Pause at the edge of the garden and find a flower of the ubiquitous pink family, common chickweed, which blooms, even in New England, almost every month of the year. That is why it is so hard to discourage. The chickweed blossom is only about a quarter of an inch across, and to the naked eye it appears to have 10 white petals. Under the glass it looks big as a daisy, and those milky white petals number only five, as they should in any member of the pink family. But each one is slit almost to the base. At the base of each chickweed petal stand two stamens, their shafts hair-thin, with anthers like lead-gray eggs balanced on top. In the center of the blossom is the ovary, faintly grooved into five sections, and from the top of its pineapple-shaped fatness rises the five-pronged style, curved back fountain-like. So here is the perfect flower, in all ways typical of the rule-of-five that prevails in the pink family. And the whole of it is less than a quarter of an inch across.

Another of the pinks, the little crimson-petaled Deptford pink, should be somewhere at the roadside, too. It can be appreciated with the naked eye, but the glass will reveal its details. And surely bouncing Bet, sometimes called soapwort, will be nearby. It grows nearly everywhere and blooms till hard frost in the fall.

Its flowers are less than an inch across, come in clusters at the top of the plant and are white tinged with pink or lavender. Through the glass it is much like an outside chickweed blossom dressed for a party.

The roadside or the edge of a meadow, or even a vacant lot in the city, will provide a head of Queen Anne's lace, or wild carrot. The fluffy flat-topped head of white obviously is complex, but it doesn't seem mysterious. Through the glass, however, the whole aspect changes. The foamy-looking cluster is made up of dozens of individual clusters, and each small cluster is a miniature of the whole head, which now is seen as a whole bouquet of small white blossoms. Single out one of those individual florets. It has five milky-white petals, each notched like a mitten.

I have examined these florets many times and have never found any system — the "thumbs" on the petals seem to be at random, some to the left, some to the right. From the base of each petal rises a single stamen, its pollen-bearing anther is cinnamon brown. In the center is the ovary, a frosty white bead with twin stigmas sticking straight up. All this in an individual floret less than one-eighth of an inch across. Incidentally, the "ruby" that is supposed to be in the center of each head sometimes is missing, and sometimes is double. It is a deep red floret shaped exactly like the white florets.

Now look at a plume of goldenrod and see an amazing floral community.



Violets

The plume consists of minute flowers arranged along the branching stems at the tip of the plant. Each of these individual flowers is itself a composite flower. Every one of those floral tufts, seldom as much as a quarter inch across, is itself a whole community of florets. Here, indeed, one needs the glass to begin to see secrets, for there are mysteries within mysteries, florets within florets.

Pluck one of these miniature flowers — there may be 50 or more on a single goldenrod spray — and examine it under the glass. It has petals like those of a daisy enclosing a head of

even smaller florets. And here the 10-power glass is inadequate. It can only hint at the detail, the astonishing order, of those individual florets, each smaller in diameter than the shaft of a pin. Each has stamens, with pollen, and an ovary that produces seeds. Incidentally, goldenrod pollen almost never causes hay fever, which usually is a result of wind-blown pollen from ragweed and various grasses. Goldenrod pollen is sticky and almost never carried by the wind. Even an allergic person can usually handle goldenrod without ill effects if he does not sniff the blossoms close to the nose.

The miniatures among the flowers are everywhere, inviting the lens. Common plantain, under the glass, is a compact mass of buds with scattered four-petaled greenish-white flowers. Peppergrass bears tiny white flowers at the tip of its stems. Even the bristly, fat green head of common pigweed is a mass of interesting green flowers when studied under the lens.

I like to use the glass in April and May on trees and bushes as they open their flower buds. For every tree that has big, showy flowers, such as the magnolia or the tulip tree, there are hundreds with inconspicuous blossoms with secrets for the lens to reveal. The poplars, birches and aspens flower in catkins, as do the willows. Those catkins are of both sexes, sometimes on different trees. The male catkins, which bear the pollen, are usually larger and often look like caterpillars. The smaller female catkins are delicate and full of hidden secrets. I

marvel every spring when I study them with a lens.

Still another world at least partially accessible to the pocket lens is that of the mosses and lichens, some varieties of which grow in every woodland and even in places where no other plant life can exist. Lichens will not grow in cities or where fumes pollute the air, but mosses have no such limitations, though even they thrive most in clean country air.

I have found mosses beside lower Broadway in Manhattan, in Trinity Churchyard and on old Hudson River piers, as well as in damp vacant lots used as parking areas.

Mosses and lichens are each something of a special study, but even the amateur with a lens will have good hunting, particularly among the mosses, whose foliage shows many interesting forms and whose spore heads are sometimes colorful as well as exotic in shape. The spore heads may look like miniature urns, twisted horns, infinitely small bells or crook-necked gourds.

There are half a dozen other subjects near at hand for exploration with that 10-power lens — insects, butterfly eggs, sand, leaves. But it is simplest to start with the flowers, unless you start in midwinter. Then you can start with snowflakes. But that is quite another story. So start with flowers in the dooryard and see where that leads.

It is really amazing, what is all around us every day of our lives but so seldom seen. □

Letters Letters Letters

Bronco at the End of the Rainbow

This is a photo of what I found at the end of a rainbow during a rain shower near Perkinsville, Arizona. Perkinsville is in the central part of the state near the mouth of the Sycamore Canyon Wilderness Area.

Rick Jamison
Prescott, Arizona



The Correct Pedals, If You Please

In your interesting story, "A Driver of Experience" (January 1979), by Janet O'Daniel, the author got her pedals mixed up. Every Model T that I drove had the left-hand pedal for low gear (depressed) and high gear (fully released). The center pedal was for reverse and the right-hand pedal

was for braking.

Morse Tuer
Jenkins, Kentucky

Editor's note: Mr. Tuer isn't the only one who wrote about our Model T pedal mix-up! At last count, 105 others had written about it, too.

Another Way to Stack Wood

After reading "Stacking Wood in Maine" (November 1978), by Susan Willer, I thought you would like to see another method. It's practiced by Frank Packard of Bethel, Maine. Frank stacks his wood on end, split side out, so that the sun and wind dries out the sap as much as possible before winter. The pile looks like an igloo when it is covered with snow and ice. Frank leaves a small opening on one side of the pile to reach inside and

get wood to use all through the winter.

Helen Varner
Bethel, Maine



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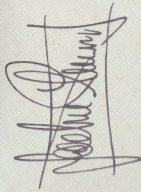
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